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You & Me & Everything in Between



37 2 4

Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

Will

My eyes wander the field. I've been here for six hours, solely for seeing her, but not one sign. I've even hunted down for her friends but even they vanished.

"One more lap!" a teacher shouts. "We can do this!"

A chant begins through the thick and sweaty crowd. "*WE CAN DO IT! WE CAN DO IT!*"

Because the truth is, I really didn't come for the cause. I didn't pay twenty dollars and spend six hours here for some cause. I came for her.

But I walk the stupid lap anyways, my eyes never staying in one place, searching for her face, trying to see her.

Someone crashes into me and shouts, "Watch it kid!"

I stumble, but pick up the pace.

As I'm finishing the lap, I turn and catch a glimpse of her face.

She's standing in the middle of the field, her bright, clear eyes searching the field. She's just as beautiful as when I first saw her.

They lock with mine, even though I have to be half a mile away. She raises her delicate hand and waves at me, a pretty smile across her face. Her eyes sparkle and it makes me forget what I

hate about the cause. I've been here for six hours, solely for seeing her, but not one sign. I've even hunted down for her friends but even they vanished.

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I raise my hand and wave. I've never felt what I can't feel before.

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Chapter 2 by Sophie Noyes



Jen

The charity walk/run had been my idea. When a senior died of leukemia early in the year whom I was close to, it just made sense for me to do something about it. I went to my tennis coach, who was happy to oblige in helping me plan an event. We'd all been close to Jacob, and it had hit us hard when he'd died.

Mostly, it had hit ME hard.

I was a freshman, he was a junior, and I was hopelessly in love with him. He saw me as a little sister, and although that wasn't really what I'd wanted, I'd accepted it and cherished it. And then the next year, he got sick. And then he died.

I had shoved the pain down for a while, let it blow up at the funeral, and now I was doing my best to heal.

Halfway through the year or so, a kid from my chemistry class reached out to me. I told him everything, and he was so sweet and helpful and supportive. He was funny and he made me laugh when I was done crying. He was modestly attractive, but had nothing too special about him. We'd become really close throughout the year, and now it was almost summer.

I was scanning the crowd for my friend Martha when I set my eyes on Will. I was happy he was here, he'd be someone to hang out with after the walk was done. I raised my hand to wave at him and smiled. He smiled back.

I got a hot feeling at the back of my neck. Hot, hot shame. I had a really bad feeling that he liked me, like, like-liked me, and I couldn't possibly like him back.

I was way out of his league, and too delicate, and we were too good of friends. I didn't want to break his heart. But another feeling laced itself within the shame.

A teeny tiny bit of excitement that he looked at me like I was the sun.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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